**From France/Space (?) with Love**

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/7310638.

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|---|---|
| Rating: | Mature |
| Archive Warning: | Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandoms: | Adam (2009), Charlie Countryman (2013), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom |
| Relationship: | Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki |
| Characters: | Adam Raki, Nigel (Charlie Countryman) |
| Additional Tags: | Spacedogs, #SpacedogsSummer, Inspired by Art, Nigel buys Adam a gift, Pokemon, possibly, Aliens?, One Shot, Implied Sexual Content, reference to blow job and hand job, Kissing, Podfic Welcome, Hannibal Extended Universe, do not copy to another site |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 1 of Inspired by Art, Part 23 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics |
| Collections: | #SpacedogsSummer |
| Stats: | Published: 2016-07-03 Words: 2,161 Chapters: 1/1 |

# From France/Space (?) with Love

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Nigel is in France on business and buys Adam an unusual souvenir.

Notes

Based on this wonderful pic by CamilleFlyingRotten who is an absolute inspiration to me!

Massive thanks to Llewcie, best beta ever!

Business had taken Nigel to France but that didn't mean he couldn't find the time to explore. The little town he was in had an unpronounceable name and a lot of cheese shops. The French appeared to like their cheese.

After a week of business, he'd decided to spend the afternoon before heading to the airport, wandering the marketplace and little shops of the quaint town. He passed by it twice before he decided to go into the slightly foreboding shop. It reminded him of the place in that Gremlins movie where the dad bought the little monster creature. What was that anyway? Some kind of alien? Or ancient Chinese creature?

He shook the thought from his head as he entered the shop. It was dimly lit and full of all manner of strange nicnacs, old and new. It felt like the place should be covered in dust and cobwebs, but it wasn't.

"Puis-je vous aider" an elderly woman croaked from behind a counter that Nigel hadn't even noticed.

"Parlez-vous Anglais" Nigel returned in slightly hesitant French. He had just enough to get by and not enough to say *thanks, just browsing*. This made the woman frown, so now he felt like he might need to actually fucking buy something in order to not appear completely rude. He might not always care about rudeness, but he wasn't going to be rude to some little lady that was old enough to be his bunică. She looked just as miserable, sullen and intimidating as his own grandmother too.

"Are you looking for something special?" She replied in exceptional English, probably better than Nigel's.

Now he was stuck. What the fuck would he want from this store? He looked around quickly; maybe she had an antique telescope or something. As long as it was small enough to carry back on the plane it might be a nice gift for Adam.

"My boyfriend… he likes outer-space-" Nigel started but was immediately interrupted by a hand held up to silence him as she moved from behind the counter. She must have stepped down from a stool or something as she turned out to be about a foot shorter than she had seemed. If anything Nigel found it more intimidating but was not going to let on.

He followed her through the store and she retrieved a box and set it on a display case full of random jewelry. She ran her hands over the lid contemplatively before pulling it off and immediately reaching in for the contents. Somewhat bigger than a basketball, she held in her hands a green… thing.

"Is it pokemon?" Nigel asked the first thing that came to his mind, his face sort of screwed up in confusion. The old lady just snorted at him like he was an idiot, which he was completely unsure how to take - was that as a yes or no? He forced his features to relax and she handed it to him. It looked like it should be plush, a stuffed animal, but it was instead soft and warm like a living thing. It startled him for a moment but he didn't drop it. Instead he stared at it intently, expecting it to breath or move or show some sign of life. It did not. He turned it over

in his hands and looked, for what felt like several minutes, at the face - eyes closed and features peaceful. It might as well have been sleeping.

“Perfect for amoureux.” The woman said with a dismissive wave of her hand as she took it from him, placed it back in the box and headed to the counter. He still stood there, mouth agape, as she rang it up on the antiquated till.

An odd feeling came over Nigel - recognition. Was it pokemon? Some cartoon he had seen? There was something definitely familiar, but he was at as much of a loss to remember as he was to understand why the woman would think it a suitable present for someone interested in outer-space. But it was clear this was not open for discussion. He moved to the till and paid, taking another glance around the strange little shop of curios for anything else that might be suitable and finding nothing.

“Merci.” He smiled to be polite as the woman handed him the box. He paused for a moment and looked at her, half expecting her to tell him not to feed it after fucking midnight! But she just gave a sort of impatient smile that told him it was time to go.

It was as he walked to the end of the street and caught sight of the edge of the marketplace that he realised where he had seen the - creature - before. After mop heads and cheap light bulbs but before getting to the veg stands, there were several vendors selling random items featuring this creature. Some postcards which looked like reproductions of older paintings. Clothing, hats, even a few stuffed toys - though clearly very different to the thing in his possession.

He was just shaking his head in disbelieve at the town’s weird little mascot, when he turned straight into the vendor.

“Ah pardon! Pardon!” The man fretted, the coffee cup in his hand having caught Nigel’s elbow and spilled over his shirt. He didn’t need this shit; now he’d have to get changed again before the flight, but his bag was already packed and waiting for him to collect from the hotel’s left luggage.

Nigel must have said “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me!” a bit harsher than he intended, because the vendor became very flustered. He was under no illusion how intimidating he could be, even unintentionally. It was something he tried to play down these days, what with Adam. His sweet lovely spaceman who he couldn’t wait to get home to even if it meant sitting on a plane stinking of coffee for hours.

“Oh, pardon monsieur. My apologies.” The vendor slipped easily into English. “My error. I apologise, here - with compliments and apologies.” The man took a shirt from the rack and looked between it and Nigel as though sizing them up for a fit and then handed it over.

The shirt was covered in little pictures of that fucking creature. It looked almost like the dachshund shirt that Adam so loved. Perhaps he’d love this too, and it was a better option than fucking around with his case and changing in a public toilet.

“Got a bag?” Nigel asked with an exasperated sigh. He removed his soiled shirt whilst the vendor fetched a bag and then shrugged into the new shirt. It was surprisingly comfy and

great quality cotton. The vendor took Nigel's shirt and put it in the bag, handing it to him with more apologies. Nigel nodded and waved a hand. "Ok, ok. Thanks."

Nigel made his way back to the hotel, ignoring the occasionally amused and bewildered looks, just wanting nothing more than to see Adam.

He survived the airport. He survived the plane. He survived baggage reclaim. Though some others almost fucking didn't. The only thing that kept him from losing his cool with incompetent air stewards and an asshole in baggage claim that almost made him miss his bag, was the thought of Adam. Adam, Adam, Adam. Oh sweet, beautiful Adam - the smell of him fresh from the shower, the curve of his ass, the feel of his cock in Nigel's mouth! He was practically salivating when he got into a taxi.

It was a little before 6am when he got home, letting himself in quietly and dropping his bag by the door and the box on the dining table. He had just made himself a coffee when Adam walked into the kitchen.

He was a fucking dream. Sleepy, rubbing at his eyes and wearing one of Nigel's t-shirts, his briefs just poking out beneath. Nigel would happily admit that after a week away, the sight made him instantly hard.

"Nigel!" Adam was immediately awake, bright and alert and running at Nigel who just had time to put his coffee down before Adam launched himself at him. Nigel caught him with his whole body - lips connecting perfectly as Adam's legs wrapped around his waist, arms around his neck. Nigel's hands took hold of pert handfuls of ass cheek as he slotted his mouth against Adam's, enjoying the minty toothpaste taste on Adam's tongue. He groaned into Adam's mouth as he felt his spaceman's mutual arousal.

It was a few minutes before he had the willpower to break away and put Adam down, his muscles aching and highlighting how tired he actually was from his trip.

"You got to go to work baby, and I need some sleep." He patted Adam's ass.

"We both need a shower." Adam smiled and batted his eyelashes. Actually fucking batted his eyelashes.

Nigel rubbed a hand roughly over his face. "The things you fucking do to me," he mumbled but followed Adam to the bathroom anyway. From the kitchen to the bathroom, through the removal of their clothes, and until Adam was silenced by Nigel's skilled mouth - Adam chattered on with facts about the town Nigel had visited. Apparently it was famous throughout France for its escargot, and several hundred years ago a meteorite had crashed outside the town, and the crater was still there to this day. Nigel couldn't fucking believe no one had tried to sell him a chunk of space rock! That would have made a perfect gift!

An hour later, Nigel had enjoyed breakfast - if breakfast was Adam's cock - and Adam had thoroughly said goodbye to him - if saying goodbye was a handjob. He was sleepy and satisfied when he fell into bed, only waking after Adam returned from work that evening.

The sun was already going down and Nigel cursed himself as he woke and saw the time - his sleep pattern was going to be fucked for days. On hearing Adam shuffling quietly around the room he turned on the side lamp.

“Adam! What the fuck are you wearing?” He watched the blush creep over Adam’s face to the tips of his ears.

“I like it. It’s cute, like your little dog shirt!” Adam snuggled into the shirt he had wrapped around him but not buttoned up, his gorgeous tight body intermittently exposed. Nigel had been wearing a jacket when he got home and then his clothes had been off so fast he’d completely forgotten about the shirt. It also served to remind him of Adam’s gift, such as it fucking was.

“Oh, I got you something. The box on the table.”

Adam smiled a sort of bashful smile as Nigel got out of bed and they both went to fetch the box.

“I hope you like it because it’s the most ridiculous thing you’ve ever seen.” Nigel huffed, feeling ever more stupid for having bought it, especially now he knew there might have been more suitable - spacey - alternatives.

Adam’s face grew ever thoughtful, creasing into a slight frown. “Nigel… you have no way of knowing if this is the most ridiculous thing I’ve ever seen!”

Nigel’s eye twitched slightly and he both wanted to roll his eyes and kiss Adam at the same time. Which happened a lot.

“Just open the box.” He told Adam, who smiled and complied.

“Oh. That is ridiculous.”Adam said before he turned the empty box upside down. “Is it a joke Nigel? I don’t understand.” He seemed confused rather than hurt and Nigel was right there with him.

“The fuck?” Nigel took the box and looked inside as though the creature might have magically reappeared. It had not. “I… I have no fucking clue…” He dropped the box onto the table and started back to the bedroom without real purpose, except perhaps to find his sanity.

Nigel stopped short in the doorway, causing Adam - who had been following - to collide with his tense back. There on the bed sat the little creature (possible pokemon?) toy thing.

“Nigel?” Adam moved around him and looked from him to the bed and then saw the creature. “Oh!” Was all he said at first. A sort of half-delighted exclamation. “Is that for me?” He moved forward and picked up the creature, studied it, and then unexpectedly hugged it to him.

“Yeah…” Nigel was happy Adam seemed to like it, but was still unsure what to make of the whole thing.

Later that night Adam snuggled into bed. Nigel, who would be staying up later thanks to the jetlag, kissed him before he turned out the light and headed for the lounge.

What Nigel didn't know until later was that Adam nipped out of bed, grabbed the creature from where it had been placed on the dresser and snuggled back into bed with it. Muttering sleepily - "I'm going to call you Camille."

He closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep as Camille snuggled back into him.

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